

Mithu was a parrot. He had a wife called Mithi. They loved each other very much.

Every morning Mithu and Mithi flew to the woods. They ate fruit and berries from the trees. The sun shining through the leaves made them warm and happy. They chattered and they sang. Then they flew home looking like bright green ribbons hanging in the air.

But sometimes there were no berries or fruit on the trees in the woods. Then Mithu and Mithi had to look for food elsewhere.







One day Mithu and Mithi found a beautiful garden with high walls all around it. They flew in. They saw trees full of guavas and grapes, pears and apples and bananas. The garden had all the lovely things that parrots love to eat. They were the happiest parrots in the whole world. They flew from tree to tree, eating wildly. Then suddenly

**B A N G**  
went a gun. The noise sent Mithu  
and Mithi into the sky  
**W H O O S H.**

They didn't stop till they got  
home. They shivered with fright.  
They now knew that the garden  
they had found was the  
**RAJA'S GARDEN.**



Every parrot knew about it and  
was warned about it. No parrot  
ever went near it. For the Raja  
was a wicked man.  
**HE ATE PARROTS.**

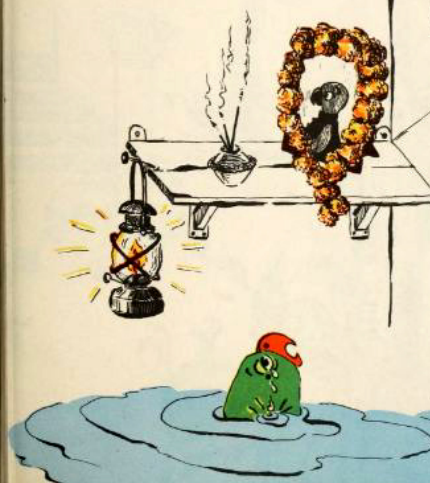
The next day Mithu dressed up early in the morning. Mithi was afraid that he might go to the Raja's garden again. She said,

"Mithu dear I do fear  
The Raja's out to beat you.  
It makes me sad  
The man is bad  
And he is going to eat you."

Mithu took another look at himself in the mirror. He said,  
"Mithi love don't fret, don't cry,  
I'm alive and hearty.  
When I fly home bye and bye  
We'll have a jolly party."  
And away he flew straight to the Raja's garden.



This time he took care that he wasn't seen. He ate some fruit from every tree and he took some for Mithi.



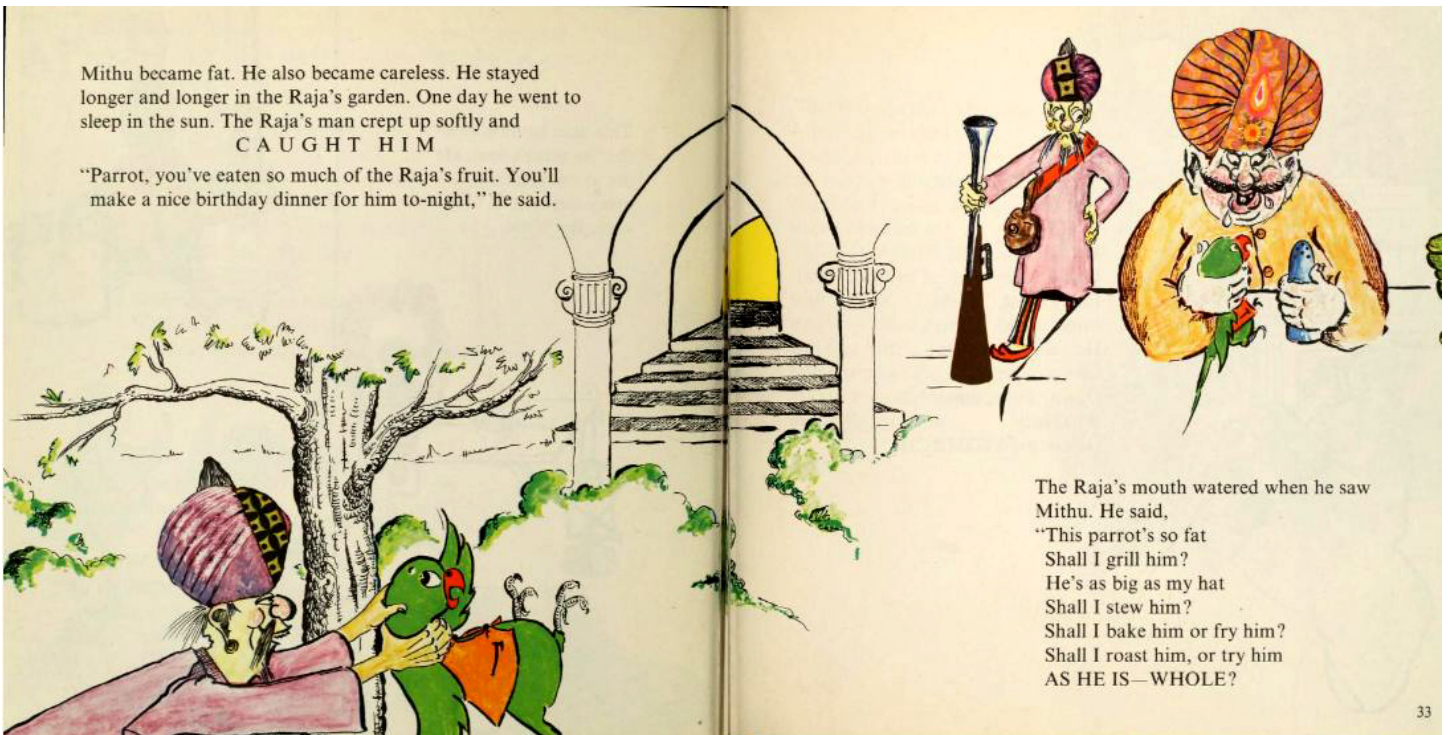
When he got home, he found her sitting in a pool of tears.

Even though Mithi was unhappy, Mithu set off for the Raja's garden every morning.

Mithu became fat. He also became careless. He stayed longer and longer in the Raja's garden. One day he went to sleep in the sun. The Raja's man crept up softly and

**CAUGHT HIM**

"Parrot, you've eaten so much of the Raja's fruit. You'll make a nice birthday dinner for him to-night," he said.



The Raja's mouth watered when he saw Mithu. He said,

"This parrot's so fat  
Shall I grill him?  
He's as big as my hat  
Shall I stew him?  
Shall I bake him or fry him?  
Shall I roast him, or try him  
AS HE IS—WHOLE?"

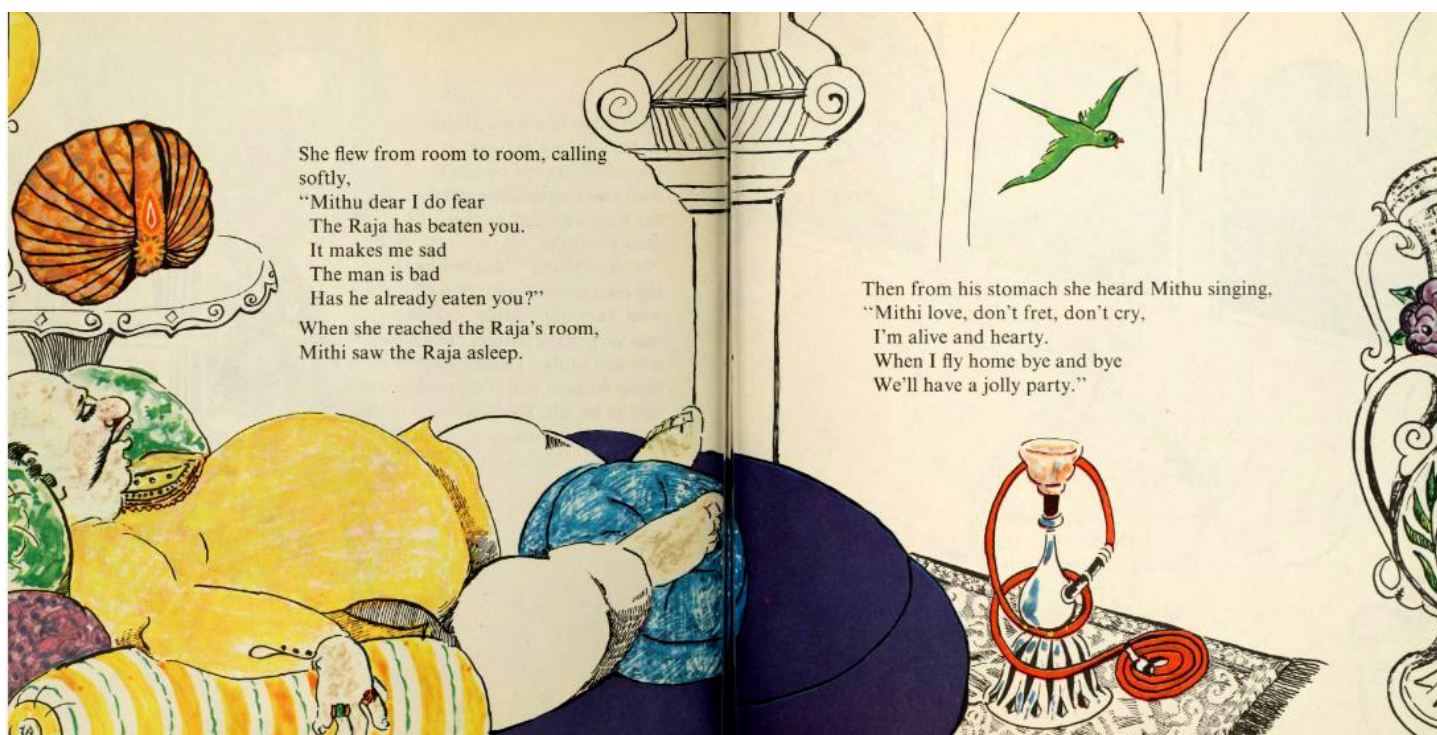




Without knife or bowl?  
In a gulp  
U L P!  
He's stuck  
Like a duck  
In my chest,  
I need a rest.  
He's slipping down  
Like a clown  
Down, down, down.  
What luck  
He's in my STOMACH!"

That night Mithi waited for Mithu. She waited and waited. When she couldn't wait any longer, she flew to the Raja's garden. In the dark she called out, "Mithu! Mithu!" But only the owls called back, "Tu-whit, tu-whoo." Mithi was very brave parrot. "I will find Mithu. I won't go home without him," she said to herself. She flew to the Raja's palace.



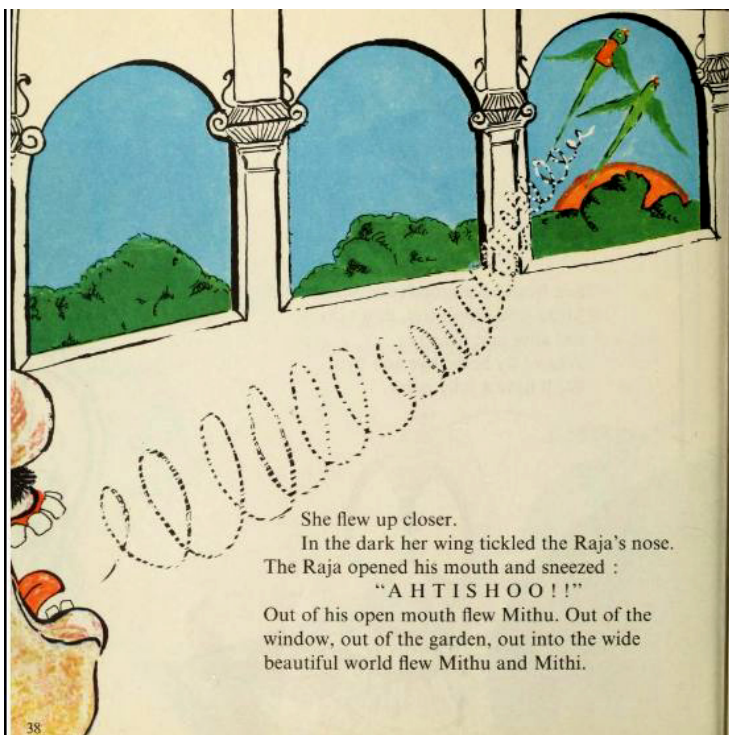


She flew from room to room, calling softly,

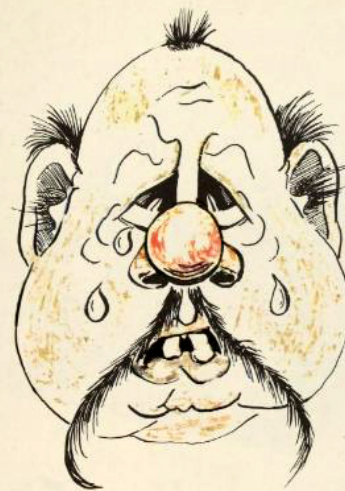
"Mithu dear I do fear  
The Raja has beaten you.  
It makes me sad  
The man is bad  
Has he already eaten you?"

When she reached the Raja's room,  
Mithi saw the Raja asleep.

Then from his stomach she heard Mithu singing,  
"Mithi love, don't fret, don't cry,  
I'm alive and hearty.  
When I fly home bye and bye  
We'll have a jolly party."



She flew up closer.  
 In the dark her wing tickled the Raja's nose.  
 The Raja opened his mouth and sneezed :  
 "AHTISHOO!!"  
 Out of his open mouth flew Mithu. Out of the  
 window, out of the garden, out into the wide  
 beautiful world flew Mithu and Mithi.



The Raja was left  
 With an empty tummy.  
 To see his face  
 was really funny.



